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UNDONE THE WRONG.

If the president leaves the Flores resolution, as it now seems certain, to what do the house Democrats according to a Washington dispatch, will try to rush through another resolution eliminating the recall from the Arizona constitution?

Naturally this is what should have been done in the first instance, but there is little use in sweeping over such minor. The Nelson resolution, supported by the Republicans in the Senate, would have admitted New Mexico and Arizona immediately, and while it would not have "put the president in the hole" it would have secured results for the people of this territory, and that is what the people wanted.

But if there is time during the present session to get another resolution through, and the Democrats desire to prove their sincerity in this statehood matter, let them put through two separate resolutions—one for New Mexico and one for Arizona. Let them cease their efforts to make the admission of this territory contingent upon a set of radicals in Arizona and let both territories stand upon their own feet.

Then if there is any more of this chicanery and lagging to further "put the president in the hole," Arizona, which is Democratic, can be used as yet Democratic statesmen see fit, and New Mexico need not be embarrassed in her claims for admission and her rights to run her own state government.

If, however, the sole object of our Democratic congressmen in Washington and our local celebrities is simply to "put the president in the hole," then it will be better for business conditions in New Mexico and for the peace of mind of the people if no further legislation is attempted at this time.

The manipulations to date, however, have "put our Democratic patriots in the hole" much worse than the president. Their efforts to shift the blame to his shoulders are pitiful.

TAKING A CHANCE.

It would seem a deplorable mistake to say that all the world loves a nation, yet there are certain elements of truth in the statement.

The death of John W. Gates will effect a greater number of expressions of regret, perhaps, than would have resulted from the death of any other great American financier.

Gates was willing to "take a chance" at every point in his life. And perhaps it may be fairly maintained that the man who works for high stakes in the commercial world are at their best when they are capable of taking risks cheerfully and fearlessly.

The man who is willing to take a chance is the man who rescues another from death by drowning, who finds a new gold mine, who founds a new government, who builds a new railroad, who arrives at the furthest and everywhere. Perhaps there isn't a worthier step in all the range of human activities which is not, in a measure, taking a chance.

Confronted with John W. Gates' ultimate act of throwing down the gauntlet at the feet of fate, how man and world appears the scheming of those names—kings whose whole career is devoted to material gain, but who rely upon such "sure things" as may be unearthing by chance and sin greed.

The man who lies dead in Paris was very surely not a high type of citizen, but in comparison with others of his class he must be said to have possessed qualities which enabled him to stand forth as a man of truly conspicuous merit.

A BRAVE MAN.

In the war with Russia Admiral Tejo was rated as a brave man and a fearless leader of his sailors. There is so much gloss thrown over battle-scarred heroes, however, that the many stories of their feats are usually taken with a grain or so of salt.

But yesterday Admiral Tejo proved to the American public that the stories of his daring and absolute fearlessness were not evolved from the brains of war correspondents but that he was a brave man in every sense of the word.

UnSupported by military forces, other than a reception committee of officials, the doughty little admiral invaded a department store and watched the American women shopping.

Any man who has ever gone on a

camping-seeking tour with his wife can now realize the sort of metal in the little admiral from the Land of the Rising Sun that prevented him from breathing when shot and smell filled the air in one of the greatest naval battles of the world. A trained soldier or sailor may be expected to stand stoically by the colors when the real test comes, but when a man who has already made a military record for bravery and dashlessness under fire willingly invades a department store during a bargain counter cash he shows that reckless disregard for himself that is the distinguishing attribute of the real hero.

WHERE IS THE MAN?

Surprised by a man who she says, promised to marry her, a young woman in Las Vegas is now under arrest because her two weeks' old husband, following its abandonment, on the doorstep of a family in the same neighborhood. The mother, in her despair, declares she sought to hide her shame by abandoning the young, little thinking of the child which, perhaps mercifully, is now dead.

The usual censure has attached to the mother of the infant, but what about the man? He has left San Miguel county, she says, and no one appears to know where he is.

Doubtless the mother will be prosecuted, as the law says she may, but doubtless she will pay further for the sin that is no more her own than it is that of the young man.

If justice is done to the helpless infant that is now dead, and to the girl who will bear her shame to the grave, San Miguel county will spare no expense to see that the young man, too, is brought back to answer, share and share alike, with the woman he has wronged and the helpless life that he caused to be and then permitted to die nameless and unremembered.

The sociological condition responsible for such crimes is too old a one to wait for much moralizing. But the poignant fact remains that the father of the child, if he is known, deserves far less consideration than the girl.

Usually in such cases he escapes entirely. San Miguel county should, however, make a precedent for other communities to follow. Where is he?

The logic of hog-tieing New Mexico to Arizona in the statehood resolution appears to be answered entirely by the wish of a little Democratic clique from New Mexico and elsewhere, "to put the president in the hole."

The Democratic party in this territory cannot be censured if it arises and casts off such truckling politicians and near statesmen as that little clique that went to Washington to help "put the president in the hole" in preference to securing the immediate admission of this territory to the union. What is there in common between the two territories that our Democratic patriots should consider it necessary to make our admission contingent upon the Arizona recall?

MIXING THE WORDS.

The railroad commission of Oklahoma has ordered the railroads to instruct their agents to answer all questions civilly, and to give messengers and patrons of the roads all the information sought of them.

Those who have stood around depots for two or three hours waiting for trains that were civilly and politely reported to them as being only fifteen minutes late will wonder why the Oklahoma commission did not use the word "truthfully" instead of "civilly."

You can get a "civil" answer from an Oklahoma railroad station agent without much trouble.

The president will doubtless have plenty of use for his veto. If the bill fixing the duty on raw wool at 27 cents ever gets to the chief executive he will doubtless have reason to use his prerogative with considerable force and vigor.

"Putting the president in the hole" may be politics all right, but it is hard to see where it aided New Mexico in getting statehood, which was the real aim of our patriots, to hear them tell it.

\$100 REWARD—\$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:

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 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



A PACKAGE OF GUM OR THE MISDIRECTED CHARITY.

Following to the fall the manifold delights of Mountainair was a party among the 110 visitors from Albuquerque at the chariot race Thursday. That was particular delight in all the novelties of the occasion. Those people seem for a daylight hay ride among the bean forests that abound at Mountainair.

One of the pretty sights they saw on the ride was a smallurchin at play in a grove of beans. By his side was a faithful dog that barked indignantly at the joy riders. "I'll bet that little youngster would enjoy some candy," remarked Raymond Starn, between getting the proper key for the time he was singing on a pitch fork. "We can give him some chewing gum," remarked a winsome society reporter in laud.

Benson Newell who was engaged in taking a picture of Louis Gunther in a picturesque cap, was drafted into service to take the preferred package of gum to the interesting infant. The dog kept on barking.

After patiently climbing through the maze of beans Mr. Newell lost his courage. As the infant would not come forward to receive the chewing gum, he proceeded to throw the gum in the direction of the infant.

A vast silence enveloped the people in the wagon, except of course the society reporter, and all eyes were turned toward Benson Newell and the package of gum. At last he hurried it through the air. Ascending in a swooping curve, its path described a great parabola and the distance of fifty yards was easily covered. Descending, the package of gum made straight for the infant—and hit him in the head. He cried loudly. The dog continued to bark. Louis continued to wear the picturesque hat.

The infant started to crawl away. The dog got the chewing gum and carried it off in his mouth. The vast silence was broken. The joy ride proceeded through the endless forests of beans. And the dog continued to bark.

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TALK ABOUT WORK.

Some people stand around and talk.

Through all the hours of day
 About the things they have to do
 Till daylight fades away.

And in the morn they rise again
 To go and talk some more.

About the things they have to do
 Until that day is o'er.

And then they go to bed again
 Exhausted from their toil
 And wake to talk about their work.

In endless, mixed tumult,

Three hundred sixty are they say
 Good days occur each year.

And that's the number some folks use
 To talk of work's queer.

For while they're saying what they have
 Of this and that to do,

Some silent, pegging devil
 Has carried his work through.

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THE MAN FROM KOKOMO, AN ILLUSTRIOUS NAME.

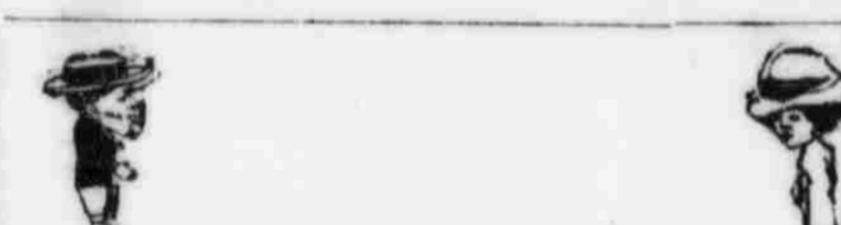
We have a very cordial lot of people here in Albuquerque. The stranger is made one of us instantly upon his arrival. We become acquainted upon the slightest introductions, and often form friendships in the most casual way. This may seem shocking to the easterner at times, but it is the western way and a good way at that.

It is considered good form for a wife to know all her husband's acquaintances at sight, they say. But this story is about Kokomo. This is the nice name assigned to a business man of this town by his male associates. They sometimes call him Kokomo because he came from the Indiana town of that name—made famous as the home of the Man From Home.

So it happened that the wife of one of Kokomo's associates had first heard of him by that name, and took it for granted that it was his name. So she met him on the street one day, and smiling pleasantly, said, "How is Mr. Kokomo?" He thought she was joking him and didn't like it a bit. She introduced him to a lady who was with her at the time, as Mr. Kokomo, and his patience was almost exhausted.

The other day, she heard for the first time that his name was not Kokomo, and she felt pretty bad about it.

Moral—When in doubt, say, "How do you do, Mr. Umph?"



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Don't let that word "if" make a fad between you and success. Cut "if" out of your life once and forever. AND DO IT NOW!

The sooner you enter business college the sooner you will be able to get out into the business world and begin your career.

If you keep on hesitating—if you defer until tomorrow—if you allow the word "if" to come between you and your purpose, you will throttle a worthy ambition and thwart a long aim.

Remember that every one succeeds in proportion as he deserves success. Every man by his own act stamps his value on himself. Remember that in the present the active, aggressive now, you lay the foundation for the future.

Delay is dangerous. Resolve today to write us immediately. Send for our catalogue—NOW.

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Send today and receive without cost a piece of jewelry that you will be proud of.

ROBBING THE SOIL IS WORST EVIL OF FARMING IN THIS COUNTRY

Conservation of This Resource is Special Object of Congress to Meet This Year in Kansas City.

JAMES J. HILL WILL PRESENT CONDITIONS

(Special Correspondence to the Herald)

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 12.—When no more fertile land in the world produces so much less than that of poorer quality elsewhere, and this low yield shows a tendency toward steady decline, the situation becomes clear. We are robbing the soil. That statement made by President James J. Hill of the Great Northern railway tells briefly what the principal subject of discussion will be at the National Conservation congress to be held in Kansas City September 25 to 28. Conservation of the soil will be the main topic of the meeting. At Paul last year the main subject was "Public Lands," the year previous it was "Forest Conservation." This time the meeting is being held in the heart of the agricultural country, and "Saving the Soil" is to be the more important topic.

Mr. Hill, who certainly is studying agriculture from the dollars and cents standpoint as president of the great railway system, has made a study of what he calls "Soil Abuse." Some of the results of investigations that he has been responsible for in this line are best given in his own words. He says:

"Take the case of wheat, the mainstay of single-crop areas. Many of us can remember when New York was the great wheat producing state of the union. The average yield per acre here in New York for the last ten years was about 18 bushels. For the first five years of that 10-year period it was 18.4 bushels, and for the last five years 17.4 bushels.

Farther west, Kansas takes high rank as a wheat producer. Its average yield per acre for the same ten years was 12.96 bushels. For the first five years it was 13.12, and for the last five 12.8. We perceive here the working of a uniform law independent of location, of soil or of climate. It is the law of a diminishing return due to soil destruction. Apply this to the country at large and it reduces agriculture to the condition of a bank whose depositors are steadily drawing out more money than they put in.

"According to the last census the average annual product per acre of the farms of the whole United States was worth \$11.38. It is little more than a respectable rental in communities where the soil is properly cared for and made to give reasonable return for cultivation. There are but two states in the union whose total value of farm products was over \$40 per acre of improved land. The great state of Illinois gave but \$12.48 and Minnesota showed only \$5.73. No discrimination attaches to these figures, where all are so much alike. Nature has given us the most valuable possession ever committed to man. It can never be duplicated, because there is none like it upon the face of the earth. And we are robbing and impoverishing it exactly as we are felling the forests and rifting the mines. Our soil, once the envy of every other country, the attraction which draws millions of immigrants across the seas, gave an average yield for the whole United States during the 10 years beginning with 1896 of 12.5 bushels of wheat per acre. Austria and Hungary each produced over 17 bushels per acre. France 19.8, Germany 27.6 and the United Kingdom 32.7 bushels per acre. For the same decade our average yield of oats was less than 14 bushels, while Germany produced 18 and Great Britain 12. Farther figures are 25 against 23 and 31.6 for rice, 15.4 against 24 for cotton and 26 for Ireland. In the United Kingdom, Belgium, The Netherlands and Denmark a yield of more than 30 bushels of wheat per acre has been the average for the past five years.

"The two remedies are as well ascertained as is the evil. Rotation of crops and the use of fertilizers act as tonics upon the soil. We might expand our resources and add billions to our national wealth by conserving soil resources, instead of exhausting them as we have the timber and the contents of our mines. For there is good authority for the assertion that the farmer could increase his grain crop as high as seven years now give him 100 bushels of grain as a crop when every particle of moisture is saved and applied to the land.

of dollars to our national wealth by conserving soil resources, instead of exhausting them as we have the timber and the contents of our mines. For there is good authority for the assertion that the farmer could increase his grain crop as high as seven years now give him 100 bushels of grain as a crop when every particle of moisture is saved and applied to the land.

"He can do far more than that by joining livestock raising with agriculture. Nature has provided the cattle to go with the land. There is as much money in livestock as in grain. Looked at in my way, there is money in livestock, money for dairy products, money for beef, money for the annual increase, and most money of all for the next year's crop when every particle of moisture is saved and applied to the land.

"A well-directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free